To Morris the Monkey, a Scientific Script

Not to Smedley,
who's phlegmatic,
or Rita, who's Rita--

they'll be controls.
The little leaguers
<Cue *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*>

backed by this lab are
off to Puerto Rico, so, more

grant money requisite, Amigo.
<Cue *Pennies From Heaven*>

(All these nerd PhDs with
athletic kids!) You stole

the key to the ladies' room,
somehow freed chimp Aristophenes
<Cue *Helter Skelter*>

and broke into the Kotex machine,
with him eating the stock. Then,
unholy pair, you ripped out the tank

mechanism of the toilet, smashed
a window, ended up chasing the shriek-
ing peacocks around the reflection pool.

I'll not forget the full aural
shock of that four AM phone call
from jabbering guard Alfonso.

'll cost us to remedy those
mischiefs. But, not actually
the reason you're getting the

cancer. Oh well, someday we'll
understand your language, and
what you say about us <*cue laughter*>